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# *Holyday Tales*

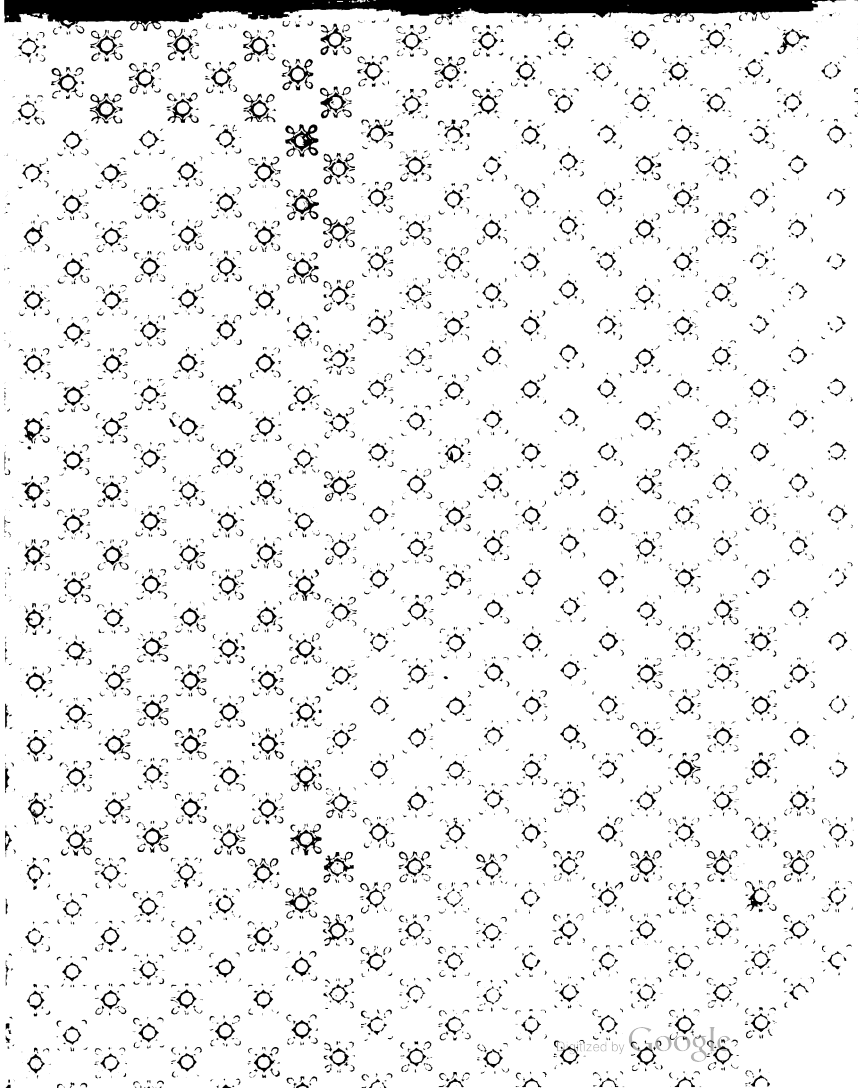
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*Miss A. Maria Merrill.*

*from her friend, the Author.*

*Nov. 1846.*

## HOLIDAY TALES.



# HOLIDAY TALES.

- I. THE MAGICAL WATCH.
- II. MR. BULL AND THE GIANT ATMODES.
- III. OLD PEDRO.
- IV. ADVENTURES OF A BEE.

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Miss Ethel Dadd

**THE following Tales originated in the manner described in the first pages; though some alterations and additions have since been made. If they afford as much amusement to the reader as they did to the little party to whom they were first related, the author will be well satisfied.**



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## INTRODUCTION.

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ONE day, at the beginning of the Christmas holydays, Mr. B —— entered the school room, and found the children all hard at work with rules and pencils, pen, ink, and paper, just as if it had been school-time.

“You seem very industrious. I suppose you do not care about having any holydays?”

“Yes, we do indeed, papa; we are all going to write stories.”

“Well, that will be a very nice occupa-

tion for you ; particularly on cold and snowy days, when you can not go out. And what are the stories to be about ?”

“ Oh, that is to be a secret till they are finished ; and then we intend to read them some evening to you and mamma, and uncle and aunt, when they come.”

“ It will be a great pleasure to us, I am sure, to hear them.”

“ But, papa,” said Anne, the eldest, “ is there any objection to making stories about giants and fairies ?”

“ Why should there be ?”

“ You know, some stories of that sort are so silly and nonsensical.”

"I do not think them at all nonsensical," said little Mary; "and I am sure they are very amusing."

"Some fairy tales," said papa, "are silly enough; others contain a great deal of fancy and imagination, especially those which are found in the Eastern languages. Others, again, convey very valuable instruction. You need not make silly tales, but may try to give some good moral to your stories; and then, perhaps, they will be useful as well as entertaining."

"And may we write fables?" said Willy.

"Yes, to be sure; they may be made very instructive."



“And true stories?” said Johnny.

“Those perhaps would be the best of all. However, it is not so much that one sort of story is better than another. Fairy tales and true tales, fables or allegories, all may be very interesting, if you take pains with them; so I shall expect great amusement when they are finished.”

Then papa left them to their work.

At length all the stories were ready; and mamma, papa, Aunt Mary, and Uncle John, were all assembled to hear them. Little Mary's story was about *Rosetta and the Fairy*. Johnny's was, *Beautiful Queen*

*Venus and Jolly King Bacchus*; for Johnny had begun to learn Latin, and to read about the heathen gods and goddesses. Willy was more aspiring, and wrote a poetical fable, *The Bee and the Sloth*. And Anne's was, *The Castle of Darmstadt*.

Each story had its peculiar merit, and created a good deal of amusement; and the delight was increased when papa told them, that as they had taken so much pains to give pleasure, now it was his turn and mamma's to tell them some stories. So they all sat very attentive, and mamma began as follows.



# MAMMA'S TALE.



# MAMMA'S TALE.

---

## THE MAGICAL WATCH.

THERE was once a little girl named Annette ; and this little girl was very amiable in disposition. She loved her parents, and was kind and affectionate to her brothers and sisters. And *generally* she did as she was bid, but not always ; for she was rather thoughtless, and did not sufficiently consider whether a thing was right or wrong. And sometimes she had a little will of her own ;

and if she did not see the reason why she was told to do, or not to do anything, she did not immediately obey. This was a great fault. For little children ought always to do exactly as their parents bid them, because they may be quite sure that their parents know best what is right and proper. Whenever Annette did wrong, she was always sure to be sorry for it, and wish afterward that she had been more considerate and obedient.

One day, after her mamma had been angry with her, and had spoken very seriously, little Annette went out into the garden; but could not play as usual with her brothers and sisters, because she was sorry for what she had done. And she walked about sadly, and did not take half so much

pleasure in looking at the flowers, and the bees and butterflies, as she used to do. Just then she saw, on a rose-tree, a beautiful bird, about the size of a thrush ; but it had not a speckled breast and brown back like the thrushes, nor glossy black feathers like the blackbirds, which she had often watched as they hopped about ; but was of all sorts of bright colors, and had a tuft of gold on its head. There it sat on the rose-bush, singing away, with a clear melodious note ; and as it sang Annette fancied it said,

“ If you wish to be happy, be good, be good ;  
If you wish to be happy, be good.”

Annette sat down and listened to the song of the beautiful bird, and said to herself, “ How I wish I was always good ; then



I am sure I should be happy!" And presently the little bird hopped off the rose-tree to the lawn, and came close up to where the little girl was sitting. Annette kept quite still for fear of frightening the beautiful bird away ; but it seemed almost tame, and came hopping and hopping along until it was within a yard or two. And then as Annette looked, it seemed to change its form, until it took the shape of a beautiful Fairy, with a robe of green and gold, and a coronet of rubies on her head, and a silver wand in her hand.

"Annette," said she, "I am the Fairy Gratiana ; and I promised your parents, soon after you were born, that I would do all I could to take care of you, and help you to grow up a good girl. And now I am

come to give you a useful present." So saying, she placed in the hands of the little girl an elegant little watch. It was the most delicate piece of workmanship imaginable, and much prettier than any watch she had ever seen before.

"Thank you! thank you!" said Annette. "How nice it will be to know always exactly what o'clock it is when I get up in the morning, and go to bed; and then I shall never keep mamma or papa waiting a minute!"

"My dear child," said the fairy, "that is not its use."

Annette was rather disappointed when she heard this; for she began to think it was only one of those make-believe watches which never go except just when they are

being wound up. However, she was too well behaved to tell the fairy that she did not much care for her present.

But Gratiana, smiling, continued :—

“The watch which I have just given you is far more valuable than any watch yet made by mortal hands. It will not tell you the minute or hour of the day, nor the day of the week, nor the time of the moon, as some watches do.”

“What *can* be the use of it?” thought little Annette to herself.

“But its use,” continued the fairy, “is this: it is to be worn under the sash on the left side; and then, if ever you are tempted to be naughty, the little watch will strike gently, and go—tick! tick!”

“What a nice little watch it must be!”

"One thing you must promise," said the fairy, "and that is, that you will never part with it."

"O, no, never!" answered the little girl eagerly.

"I sincerely trust you will not; but should you ever be tempted to do so, touch this little spring, and it will be shown you what you ought to do."

The fairy showed Annette the spring; and the little girl promised she would do as the fairy bade her; and then went skipping and dancing round and round, singing, "O, what a nice little, nice little watch!" And when she looked again, the fairy was gone. Annette wished that she had asked the fairy where she lived, and begged her to come and see her again; but it was too

late. So she put the little watch under her sash, and then went home to her lessons, and was soon busily employed about them, as if this strange adventure had not happened.

That day the watch never ticked: but the next morning, as Annette was learning her lesson, she could not help thinking about the fairy, and wishing it was time to go out into the garden, and see if she should meet her again. But just then she heard, or rather felt, a gentle tick! tick! on her left side; and that reminded her that her mamma had bidden her not to be idle over her lesson; so she thanked the fairy again for having given her such a nice little watch, and set to work, and very soon finished her lesson. And her mamma gave her leave to

go out and play in the garden ; where she ran round and round, but could not see the little fairy anywhere.

Afterward she sat down to dinner with her brothers and sisters ; and there was a nice pudding which Annette had to help. So she thought to herself,

“ Now, I can give my brothers and sisters each a good piece, and manage to keep rather a larger bit for myself.”

But just then the little watch went tick ! tick ! So she remembered that it would be selfish and greedy to do as she had been thinking ; and instead of giving her brothers and sisters a smaller share, she gave them the largest, and kept the least for herself.

Her mamma remarked what she had done, and praised her for it ; and Annette

thought to herself, "Oh, what a good girl I am!"

But the watch just then gave a gentle tick, and reminded her that she ought to think more humbly of herself, and that if it had not been for the watch, she would perhaps have been a very naughty girl.

It would be impossible to speak of all the occasions on which the watch ticked; for though Annette was not often naughty, yet she was often *tempted* to be naughty, so that the watch ticked more or less every day. But so long as the little girl minded the watch, she was prevented doing what was wrong, and was much happier than she used to be before she met the good Fairy Gratiana.

Annette's mamma had taught her a very

nice employment, which was, to preserve flowers by pressing them between blotting-paper, and then fastening them in a book with gum and little strips of paper, so that they would last for years; and then she wrote the name of each flower underneath. This was called a *hortus siccus*, or dry garden. Annette was very fond of it, and had already made a nice collection.

One day, her mamma, before she left the room, said, "You may go on arranging your flowers for half an hour more; but after that you must set to work at your evening lessons, or you will not have them done in time."

And Annette promised that she would. But when the half-hour had past, the little girl said to herself,



"Oh, I am sure I may go on with the flowers a little while longer."

But the little watch went tick! tick!

"What a tiresome little watch," said she, in a pet.

Then the watch ticked three or four times much more loudly. But Annette did not care, and went on till she had done as much as she chose before she began her lessons. The consequence was, that her lessons were done hastily and carelessly; and her mamma was displeased, and she herself was ashamed and unhappy.

But the evil consequence did not end here; for having once disregarded the ticking of her watch, she became less careful about it, until it happened that she often did what she chose, whether the watch ticked

or not. And at last it came into her mind to wish that the Fairy Gratiana had never given it to her at all.

This went on for some time. Meanwhile Annette grew up to be a great girl, and had to think and manage for herself. Sometimes she listened to the watch, and was thankful and happy when she did so ; but, from having learned occasionally to disregard it, she found that it was not of half the use it might have been, and went very irregularly ; for sometimes it would tick very loudly ; at other times it could scarcely be heard or felt for days and weeks together, although she did many very naughty things.

Annette, like many other silly girls, became vain of her beauty ; and would stand looking at herself in the glass, and would

spend all her money in jewels and fine clothes, so that she had none to give to the poor, and was fond of being complimented and admired; in short, I am sorry to say, that she was very far from being good; and when the watch ticked, as it still did, sometimes very loudly, it made her unhappy and fretful, and she had almost made up her mind to throw it away: but her promise to the fairy had hitherto kept her from doing so.

One day, as she was walking in the garden, a handsome youth presented himself to her from behind the trees, and said, "Dearest Annette, why are you so sorrowful? So beautiful a creature as you ought to know nothing but pleasure and gayety."

Annette hung her head, and blushed, but did not reply.

"I know the reason," continued the youth: "it is on account of that odious watch given you by the Fairy Gratiana. You see I have found out your secret; but you have only to throw it away, and you will be happy. Come, give it to me; and henceforth you will have no more trouble."

Annette was almost persuaded, but she thought on her promise; and at last it occurred to her to touch the spring. No sooner had she done so, than the Fairy Gratiana stood before her, and the youth started aside in confusion.

"Is it come to this?" said the fairy, in a stern but compassionate voice, "that you have nearly lost the precious treasure which I gave you? 'Tis well you bethought you of the secret spring, or you would have

been lost for ever. Behold the danger into which you have almost fallen !” Then turning to the youth, she touched him with her wand, and said, “Assume thy true form !” Upon which he was transformed into a hideous serpent, and glided away, hissing frightfully, among the dark bushes.

Annette hid her face in her hands, ashamed to look at her benefactress ; and when at last she ventured to lift up her eyes, no one was there ; only she saw the beautiful bird hopping away among the branches, and again heard the song which she had once listened to before,—

“ If you wish to be happy, be good, be good ;

If you wish to be happy, be good.”

I am glad to have it in my power to record that, after escaping this fearful danger,

Annette prized her watch again as she had done before ; and though for a good while it went irregularly, and sometimes ticked very loudly when Annette least expected it, yet, from constantly attending to it, it has again become as useful as it was at first, and gives a gentle tick, tick ! whenever there is danger, just sufficient to enable its fair owner to guard herself against it.

---

“ I am sure we are all much obliged to mamma.”

“ Well, and who can tell what is meant by the watch ?” said papa, as soon as the story was over.

“ Conscience, conscience !” said two or three of the little auditors at once.

“Quite right. Conscience is the guard, or watch given to each child when he comes to be old enough to discern between good and evil ; and if he follows the dictates of conscience, he is sure to be good and happy. But once let a young person—or any person, for it matters not whether he be young or old—deliberately resist his conscience, and it will lose its efficacy, and gradually become weaker and more uncertain, though still at times it will speak so loudly as to be looked on rather as an enemy than a friend. Then it is that some are tempted to cast it from them, and give themselves up to wicked ways ; but, if they call on God in their extremity, he will not desert them, but come in some way to their aid, and save them from the impending danger. Still,

when conscience has been seared, or rendered callous, it takes a long time to bring it back to its purity and truth. Far better, my dear children to follow the dictates of conscience from your youth up. So only can you live happily here, and be sure of peace at the last.

And now, I suppose, it is my turn. My story, I am afraid, will not convey quite so important a lesson as your mamma's."





# PAPA'S TALE.



# PAPA'S TALE.

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## THE STORY OF MR. BULL AND THE GIANT ATMODES.

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### CHAPTER I.

MR. BULL was a very respectable elderly gentleman, well to do in the world, upright, honest, and hospitable, but rather too fond of money. To be sure, he had a large and increasing family, and was naturally anxious to provide a maintenance for them. But, to say the truth, he was very fond of making

himself comfortable ; and fell, like many others, into the error of thinking that the only way of doing so was by making himself rich.

It was Mr. Bull's custom, after dinner, when Mrs. Bull had withdrawn, to sit and ruminate on things in general—such as the price of funds, cattle, and corn—the state of commerce—the glory and wealth of England ; then he would think how remarkable it was that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen—and he would snap his fingers, and cry “ a fig for Bony ! ” and hum a verse of his favorite song :—

“ While by our commerce and arts we are able  
To see the sirloin smoking hot on the table,  
The French may e'en burst like the frog in the fable.  
O, the roast beef of old England,  
And O, the old English roast beef ! ”

One evening, having finished his bottle, Mr. Bull proceeded to the drawing-room rather earlier than usual.

Thomas, the man-servant had just set out the tea-things, and placed the kettle on the fire—for they were old-fashioned times of which we are speaking—and Mrs. Bull had gone up stairs to see the children put to bed, where she was detained rather longer than usual, because little Dicky was naughty, and would not have his hair combed.

The old gentleman seated himself very comfortably in his arm-chair, and placed his feet on the fender, intending to await Mrs. Bull's return; when—how it happened was never exactly known—but as he was meditating on the great increase of his family, and the necessity of doing something for

them, he witnessed, between sleeping and waking, the following extraordinary vision:—

It appeared to him as though an unusual volume of steam began to issue from the spout of the tea-kettle, until it spread through the whole room; then collecting itself together, it gradually assumed the form of a gigantic human figure. The figure was that of a forge-man, or iron-founder; his shirt-sleeves were tucked up, so as to display a pair of muscular arms; on his head was stuck a striped cotton night-cap; and a rough leathern apron overspread the nether part of his person.

Resting with one arm on an enormous iron crow-bar, and sticking the other a-kimbo on his hip, the figure thus addressed him:—

"Mr. Bull, you see before you the Giant Atmodes."

"The giant what?" said Mr. Bull, not in the least alarmed; for he had pretty good nerves.

"The Giant Atmodes."

"That is a very odd name," said Mr. Bull.

"I am called by some the Giant of Steam," replied the figure.

"Oh! now you speak English, I understand you," said Mr. Bull; "and pray Mr. Giant, what may your business be with me?"

"I am come," said the giant, "to offer you my service."

"And what work are you able to do?" inquired Mr. Bull,

"Able!" said the giant, with a contempt-



uous smile, extending his brawny arm, "I am able to do anything. I could move the world, if I had a place to stand on."

"You seem able-bodied enough," said Mr. Bull, "there is no denying that; and what wages do you ask?"

The giant paused a moment; and Mr. Bull awaited his reply.

"Well, sir," said he at last, "I will tell you what. Though I look so strong, I cannot live without a good fire. My constitution requires a good deal of heat; so if you will keep me well in fuel out of your coal-pits, I will engage to work for you."

"Well, I will think of a job for you," said Mr. Bull, "if you will call again tomorrow; or, perhaps, you had better favor me with your address."

"You have only to call me," said the giant, "and I shall be at your bidding. Whenever you want me, please to set a kettle or boiler on the fire, and pronounce the following words:—

"Fe fa, fum—come, giant come,  
With fire and smoke—with coal and coke,  
Whizzing, fizzing—thumping, bumping,  
Come, giant, come!"

"This is very strange," thought Mr. Bull. "And pray, Mr. Giant," he said, "how do I know that this is all true?—what token can you give me that it is a reality?"

"Oh, you want a token?" said the giant, with a cunning look; "let this be your token: and with that he raised his massive crow-bar, which was red-hot, and gently

touching Mr. Bull's toe, vanished with a loud laugh, amid a cloud of smoke and steam.

Mr. Bull started from his chair in an agony of pain, and the giant was nowhere to be seen ; only the tea-kettle had boiled over, and was pouring from its spout a torrent of scalding water, a portion of which had fallen on Mr. Bull's foot.

## CHAPTER II.

Mr. BULL sat pondering in his chair all that evening, so that his wife complained she could not get a word out of him. All night he lay without a wink of sleep, first turning to this side, and next to that, in great perplexity of mind. The next day he passed partly in his study, and partly walking up and down the gravel walk, with his hands in his pockets, in deep meditation. When the evening was come, and they were again alone together at tea (a meal at which Mr. Bull was accustomed to be more than usually communicative),

he thus abruptly addressed his wondering spouse :—

“My dear Mrs. Bull,” said he, “have you ever seen a giant?”

“A giant!” answered Mrs. Bull; “no, indeed, never.”

“*I have,*” said Mr. Bull, with a very marked emphasis.

“You don’t say so,” said Mrs. Bull; “why I thought they had all been destroyed in the time of Jack the Giant Killer.”

“*Not all,*” said Mr. Bull in the same significant tone.

“And pray,” said his wife, “when and where was it that you saw this giant?”

“Yesterday evening, in this very room,” answered Mr. Bull; “and if you like, you shall see him too.”

It was a hard struggle which took place in the good lady's breast, between her fears and her curiosity ; however, the latter prevailed, and she signified her determination to be introduced to the gigantic visiter. Accordingly, when the servant had removed the tea-things from the table, Mr. Bull said:—

“Thomas, you may leave the tea-kettle.”

“Sir?” said Thomas, looking astonished

“You may leave the tea-kettle, Thomas,” again said Mr. Bull, in rather a peremptory tone.

As soon as Thomas was gone, and the door fastened, Mr. Bull placed his wife in a convenient situation to witness the scene, and then proceeded with his incantation. The steam poured from the kettle—the

awful words were spoken—and the giant again appeared. Mrs. Bull uttered a slight cry of terror at the suddenness of the apparition, but otherwise conducted herself with great propriety.

“Sir,” said the giant, raising his hand respectfully to his night-cap, and drawing back one leg, “I have come at your bidding.”

“’Tis well,” said Mr. Bull; “I have thought of a job for you.”

“Only name it, and it shall be done,” said the giant.

“One of my coal-pits,” continued the old gentleman, is full of water; and if you are really as good a workman as you profess to be, I shall thank you to empty it.”

“To hear is to obey,” said Atmodes; “all

I shall want will be a good large kettle and a few iron pipes."

Mr. Bull promised that they should be provided ; and the giant vanished from the room, much to the relief of the good lady.

Atmodes was as good as his word: the apparatus was completed, and Mr. Bull soon had the satisfaction to see the water disappear from his coal-pit, and his men hard at work again at the bottom. Unfortunately, as the giant was working hard to finish his job, the boiler burst, and the hot water and fragments of the vessel were scattered far and wide, scalding several men, and maiming one for life. Mr. Bull was very angry, and blamed the giant ; but Atmodes declared it was no fault of his, for Mr. Bull



should have made the boiler stronger ; and to this Mr. Bull had nothing to answer, but that the boiler should be stronger the next time.

## CHAPTER III.

"WELL, wife," said Mr. Bull, "what do you think of our new servant?"

"Why, he is a useful sort of giant," said Mrs. Bull.

"We must find another job for him, now that he has cleared out the pit. What shall it be?"

Mrs. Bull, who, like her husband, had an eye to what was useful, said, "Don't you think, dear, that the giant might make us a good piece of broad cloth for winter clothing?"

"I dare say he would," said Mr. Bull; "suppose we ask him." The giant was sum-

moned, and had no objection, provided the proper materials were prepared: "And I shall want a few hands," he added, "to bring me coke and other refreshments."

"Well, suppose we send to the work-house—there are a good many idle fellows there ; it will be a nice job for them."

So the giant set to work at weaving, and soon produced a fine large piece of broad-cloth, enough to clothe the whole family from top to toe.

"I have been thinking," said Mrs. Bull, "that now Watty is at work (for they had got quite familiar with the giant, and used to call him Atty, or more commonly Watty), I have thought that he might make a few more pieces of cloth to sell to our neighbors. What say you, Watty?"

"Well," said the giant, "I must have a few more hands to feed me: no giant can work without victuals."

"That's rather awkward," said Mr. Bull, "for all our hands are pretty well employed. However, I suppose we must send for Joe Carter from the field, and Will Ditcher. That bit of draining may stand over for a while." So the laborers were sent for out of the field, and turned into stokers, and had to supply coke and water to the giant. They did not much like the job, for it made them as black and dirty as colliers; and they heartily wished that Watty and his engine had been at the bottom of the Red sea. However, master would have it so, and they were obliged to submit. So Watty worked away, and made pieces of cloth one after

another ; and his master set up a great shop in the town, and supplied all the neighbors round. And so Mr. Bull began to get very rich, though the farm was not so well looked after as it had been, and he was obliged to borrow now and then a few bags of wheat from his neighbors for the consumption of the family, which he did not quite approve of.

## CHAPTER IV.

ONE day Mrs. Bull said to her husband, "Our Watty is certainly an excellent servant, and can turn his hand to anything. I wonder whether he could not make me a piece of silk for a gown?"

"Let us try him," said Mr. Bull. So Watty was sent for, and the question put to him.

"Why, as to that," said he, "I can do anything where strength is required; but," he continued, extending a great horny hand, which would have crushed an ox, "you see these fingers of mine are not quite delicate

enough to manage threads of silk or cotton ; but," he added, as if a bright thought had struck him, "if you would just let some of the children stand by, and keep the threads right, I think it may be done."

"Oh, the little dears," said Mrs. Bull, "what a nice occupation for them ! I will have them down from the nursery this minute." Accordingly the children were sent for out of the nursery and school-room, and set by the loom, and taught to tie the silk threads. At first they liked it very much, and thought it a nice thing to play at being useful ; but in about half an hour little Mary had had enough, and began playing with her brother Dicky at something else.

"Holloa !" roared out Watty, in a voice of thunder, "this will never do, Mr. Bull.

What's the use of my working away in this manner, if those children don't keep the threads right?"

"Go on, go on!" said Mr. Bull calling out from his counting-house; "I will send some one to look after them." So he desired Mr. Grumpy, the foreman, to step in and see what the children were about; and if they forgot to tie the threads, just to remind them what they had to do. So the foreman, who was a cross sort of fellow, walked up and down, and presently saw Miss Julia making faces at her brother Tom.

"Mind your work, you young jade," said Mr. Grumpy; and gave her a blow with a strap, that made a great black mark on her back.



This gentle hint had the desired effect, and the children kept very steadily to their work, so that in a few days a beautiful piece of silk was woven, out of which Mrs. Bull made a gown—"the best," she declared, "she ever had in her life ; so cheap too, being all of home manufacture.

"We must have a few pieces of silk for our shop," said Mr. Bull.

"But," said Mrs. Bull, "I don't think it quite agrees with the children. Little Mary is getting as thin as a whipping-post ; and they all come home so tired at night, really it is shocking to see them ; beside, they lose all their schooling, and on Sunday they were too tired to go to church."

"Oh, fiddle-faddle," said Mr. Bull ; "you don't think I can afford to let Watty be idle

while the children go to school? such a flourishing business as we are getting up—supplying all the country round!”

Mrs. Bull did not quite see why her children should be made the slaves of all the country round, when they might have lived very comfortably by themselves: however, her husband was hot upon his schemes of making money, and would not have the children taken from their work on any account; so the children worked on from morning to night, and from one week's end to another; and Watty went on thumping, and bumping, and stunning them with his incessant noise; and there was the terrible man with the strap, or sometimes with a great heavy roller; and sometimes Watty himself would stretch out one of his great

hands—not meaning any harm, but just to keep the children awake—and would twitch a handful of hair from their heads. It was a sad time for the poor children, and all the family were kept in a bustle. However, the shop thrived, and was the wonder of the whole neighborhood ; and everybody thought what a thriving family Mr. Bull's was, and how rich he must be getting !

## CHAPTER V.

ABOUT this time Mr. Bull wanted to go to London on business, and thought he might indulge Mrs. Bull in a trip to the capital, which she had never yet seen. So, as they were talking over the plan, "I wonder," said Mrs. Bull, "how I shall take all my trunks and boxes! Don't you think Watty would carry them? they will be so long going by the canal." So Watty was summoned, and asked if he could take the luggage.

"Ay," said he; "and you and master too, if you like to go with me."

"But I am afraid," said Mr. Bull, "you will be a long time about it."

"Trust me for that; you have not seen me with my seven-league boots on yet."

"Oh," said Mrs. Bull; "have you got a pair of seven-league boots? What a useful giant you are!"

"But how shall we manage," said Mrs. Bull, apart to her husband, "when we get to London, and want to go about shopping, and visiting our friends? I don't think it would be quite fashionable to drive about London with Watty. He is rather an awkward servant, and might do mischief."

"Don't trouble yourselves," said Watty, who had overheard these family difficulties; "I'll take Thomas and the coachman too, and the cook, and housekeeper, and all the

rest of them ; and what's more, I'll take the horses into the bargain."

Mr. and Mrs. Bull were quite delighted with this arrangement: so the old coach was brought out for them to ride in, then came a van with all the luggage, and the servants got into the tax-cart, and the horses were put inside of the break. As soon as they were all fastened in one long train, "Now for it, Watty," said Mr. Bull ; "away with you, as fast as you like ;" and away went Watty, with his seven-league boots, scampering over hill and dale like a whirlwind.

Mrs. Bull felt rather giddy, and almost lost her breath at first ; but Mr. Bull, who had no fears, was quite elated at the rapidity of the motion.

"Well," said he, "this is something like travelling. I wonder how fast we are going?" So he took out his watch—"I declare," said he, "we went that last mile in less than a minute!"

"Look what a beautiful new church!" said Mrs. Bull.

"Where?" said Mr. Bull; "I see no church."

"Oh, you should have turned your head sooner. It was gone while you were looking round."

"What silly noodles our fathers and grandfathers must have been," observed Mr. Bull, "creeping along at the rate of ten miles an hour! What would they have thought of travelling in this way? Well, I do declare our Watty is——"

What Mr. Bull would have added is uncertain, for just at that moment there was a crash, and a bang, and a scream, and Mr. and Mrs. Bull's heads were violently knocked together. The only wonder was that both their skulls were not fractured.



## CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Mr. Bull came to himself, he was sensible of very intolerable pain. His limbs ached violently, his nose was flattened, one eye was bandaged up, and the other so bruised that he could not open it. He endeavored to recover his scattered senses, but could only call up a confused remembrance of a journey to London, and hedges, trees, houses, windmills, and churches, all passing by in rapid succession. As he lay thus ruminating, he heard a gentle sigh ; and managing, with difficulty, to open his eye, he beheld Mrs. Bull lying beside him in

much the same predicament as himself, and assembled round the bed were all the little Bulls, thin and and pale as so many spectres.

The sight of his afflicted family brought to Mr. Bull's mind the circumstances under which he was placed ; and he exclaimed, in a voice not loud but deep, " If ever I get up from this bed, I will call that rogue Watty to account."

" Oh, the villain Watty !" responded Mrs. Bull, in a plaintive tone.

" Oh, the cruel giant !" said all the little Bulls at once.

Mr. Bull was as good as his word. After a few weeks he was able to leave his bed ; and, as soon as he found himself in his arm-chair by the fireside, with his wife opposite

to him, and his family all around, he summoned Watty to his presence.

"A pretty trick you have been playing us, Mr. Watty," said he, "to use your master and mistress in this way!"

"A pretty trick, indeed!" said Mrs. Bull and all the little Bulls.

"Why," said Watty, rather doggedly, "you ordered me to go as fast as I could—and how could I tell that there was a broad-wheeled waggon in the way?"

Mr. Bull could not deny that it was his own fault for ordering Watty to go so fast. "Well," said he, "we will take care not to go so fast in future."

"Very well," said Watty, "only mention at what pace you wish to go, sir, and I will keep to it."

“However, that’s not all,” said Mr. Bull, sternly. “Look at these poor children. Here’s little Sally’s back all black and blue, and Tommy’s knees are growing crooked ; and see how thin they all are ! Are you not ashamed, sir, to treat your master’s children in this way ?”

“It was not I, sir, that beat the children. It was Master Grumpy that you set over them to watch them ; and, as to their getting thin, you know it was your own self that would not let the mill stop.”

Mr. Bull groaned, and acknowledged to himself that it was his own love of money that had been the cause of all this evil.

“Ah, Watty, Watty !” said he, “you have plenty of excuses. I should not wonder if you deny next that it was you that burnt

my toe, the first time I saw that precious face of yours."

"Why, sir," said Watty, grinning, "you should not have gone to sleep with your feet on the fender."

"Oh, you are a rogue, you are a rogue," said Mr. Bull, shaking his head gravely, but laughing at the same time ; for he was never known to be out of temper for any length of time.

"Well," said he, after a pause, "the long and short of it is this—that we must come to an understanding."

"You are not going to turn me off, I hope?" said Watty. "However, if you do, I daresay I can get another place."

"Why, no ; I don't intend to turn you off ; you are too useful for that ; but we

must get into more regular ways. Next time you travel with me, or your mistress, remember you are not to go more than twenty miles an hour."

"Very well, sir," said Watty.

"And I shall not allow my children to do any work," continued Mr. Bull, "until they are twelve years of age, and then only nine hours a day, with a whole holyday on Saturday ; so that they may get some learning, and be ready for church on Sundays."

"Very well, sir," said Watty.

"And I won't have Ned Carter, or any of the laborers taken off their work at the farm. I don't think it's respectable to be borrowing corn from one's neighbors ; beside, suppose they did not choose to let us have any—we should be in a pretty way

then. So I am determined to have the farm kept in proper cultivation."

"You will not get so much money by your farm as by the factory."

"Perhaps not. But I have lived long enough in the world to learn that money is not the only thing to make a man happy. A wiser man than you or I, Watty, has said—'There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing'—and 'riches profit not in the day of wrath.' I begin to think that I have been over-hasty to get rich, and have reaped more trouble than profit. Henceforth I intend to look more to the education and religious instruction of my family; and then, if God gives us riches into the bargain, we shall know how to make a good use of them. So now, Watty, you may go

down stairs, and leave me to get a little rest."

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"Thank you, thank you, papa ; that is a capital story," said all the children at once, as soon as the tale of the Giant Atmodes was ended.

"Well, and do you understand what it all means?"

"Yes ; I think we do—most of it," said Annie. "The giant is meant, of course, to represent the power of steam."

"And how was it first discovered?"

"I suppose by seeing the force with which it drove water out of the spout of a kettle."



"Exactly ; and do you know what use it was first applied to? Perhaps not. It was first employed to pump water out of coal-pits ; and after some time it came to be used in cotton and silk factories ; and, at last, for impelling boats and carriages."

"But is it really true," said little Mary, "that the poor little children are made to work so hard, and beaten, and their hair pulled off?"

"I am afraid it is too true," said Mr. B——, sorrowfully. "The invention of the steam-engine, and the great increase of our manufactures, though it has added to our national wealth, has been very far from conducting to the comforts of the poor people employed in them. Sometimes, when there is a great demand for goods, they have to

work night and day to provide them : then, when the demand ceases, they have no work at all, and no wages, and are almost starving."

"That is very sad."

"Another very bad feature in the factory-system is, that the children are employed to do the work, instead of their parents ; and, though the work may seem light, yet the length of time they are kept to it is most distressing. And then they lose the opportunity of education, and grow up, I am afraid, in very bad ways."

"But can not anything be done to prevent these evils?" said mamma. "It does seem very hard indeed that such a number of poor children should be made almost worse than slaves, in order that we may have fine

clothes, and send goods to other parts of the world."

"It is indeed very hard, and unreasonable; and I sincerely hope that something may be done before long to lighten their labor, and secure to them the blessings of a religious education and a comfortable home. The worst of it is, that old John Bull is rather selfish and headstrong, and never thinks about other people when all seems going on prosperously. Perhaps one of these days something will happen that will make him think more seriously."

This was spoken more to mamma than to the young people, who did not quite understand it; though they were very sorry for the poor children, and hoped that something might be done for them.

“Well, now it is Uncle John’s turn to tell a story.”

“My turn!” said Uncle John; “I am afraid my genius is not very inventive. Well, I must tell you a true story.” So he began as follows.



# UNCLE JOHN'S TALE.









# UNCLE JOHN'S TALE.

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## OLD PEDRO.

OLD Pedro was a remarkably wise and sagacious dog.

In his younger days he was very accomplished, and knew all sorts of tricks, which his young master, Johnny, had taught him. Sometimes he would sit up on his hinder legs and tail, like a kangaroo, and beg with his fore paws. And then Johnny would put a piece of biscuit on his nose, and

count very slowly, one—two—three; and when he came to three, Pedro would throw up his nose, and catch the biscuit as it fell.

Pedro was an excellent hand, too, at fetching and carrying. If Johnny left his glove or stick behind him a hundred yards or more, Pedro would run back and find it. Sometimes Johnny would put his glove on a tree or a bush, out of Pedro's reach, and then the dog would jump and bark until some one came and took it down.

Johnny used to take Pedro out with him walking in the fields, and amuse himself with seeing him hunt rabbits and little birds. Once Johnny saw him scratching and barking in a ditch; and, on going to see what was the matter, he found that Pedro had discovered a hedgehog, rolled up like

a prickly ball. Johnny had never seen a hedgehog before, and was so much pleased, that he tied it up in his handkerchief, and took it home with him. As he was going, he met a boy, who told him to put the hedgehog into water, and then it would unroll itself, and Pedro might worry it. But Johnny said that would be very cruel, and turned away from the boy with great disgust. When he got home, and told his papa what he had brought, his papa advised him to place it on the lawn, and leave it to itself. And in a few minutes it unrolled itself of its own accord, and looked about for a little while, and then ran and hid itself among the shrubs. So Johnny knew what sort of things hedgehogs were after this. His papa told him that some ignorant peo-

ple were very cruel to hedgehogs, and destroyed them, saying that they sucked the milk from the cows. But there was no truth at all in the notion; for hedgehogs were quite harmless, and never thought of doing such things.

As Pedro advanced in years, he began to leave off his youthful tricks. He would sit up and beg for biscuit, because he got something by that; but he left off running after birds, because he found out that he could not catch them by barking after them. He began to look very grave and wise. The hair about his head became grizzled, and his eyelashes long, so that he had a remarkable air of sagacity. He seemed rather to avoid the company of other dogs, and endeavored, as much as possible, to do like his master.

When Johnny walked out, Pedro walked out with him. And when little dogs came up frisking and jumping, Old Pedro treated them with great contempt, and would have nothing to do with them ; and if some great dog came bouncing up as though he would have eaten him up, Old Pedro drew himself up with such a consequential air, that the great dog would seem struck with astonishment, and behave with great respect.

When Johnny was at dinner, Pedro was always at his side, and had his dinner at the same time. But the most remarkable circumstance was when Johnny learned his lessons. At that time Pedro used to sit by him on a chair, with a great book before him, looking as grave as a judge, and seeming as much occupied with his book as his master—sometimes more so.

One day Johnny read in the *Arabian Nights* a story about a young prince who was changed by a genie into a monkey, and afterward was taken to court, and astonished the king and queen and all the courtiers by his wonderful sagacity; until at last the king's daughter suspected that he was no monkey in reality, but a human being under enchantment; and so, being skilled in the art of magic, she changed him back into his own form.

So, as Johnny looked round, and saw the old dog sitting as usual with his book open before him, it came into his head that Pedro must be some prince, or at least a dervise, suffering under cruel enchantment. And he thought the best way to disenchant him would be to do the same as he had read in

the Arabian Tales. Accordingly he got a basin of water, and placed Old Pedro before him. He happened to have his back toward the door, which was open, and was not aware that his papa was looking at him all the while. There was Old Pedro sitting up on his hind legs and tail, looking extremely wise; and little Johnny on his knee before him, with the basin in one hand, and with the other sprinkling the dog in the face with water, and saying,

“If thou art a dog by nature, retain thy natural ~~shape~~; but if thou wast born a man, and hast been transformed by some wicked enchanter, I command thee to return to thy real form.”

This he repeated three times in a most solemn tone, each time sprinkling the old dog in the face.



"And what happened?" said little Mary ;  
"did he turn out to be a prince or a der-  
vise?"

No ; he continued in the shape of a dog. Either Johnny was not conjuror enough to disenchant him, or else Old Pedro really was a dog. I am inclined to think the latter most probable. Certain it is that he remained in the shape of a dog till the day of his death.

Meanwhile he increased daily in wisdom. He was very vigilant in guarding his master's house from thieves. In the night he would walk about the hall and kitchen, and lower part of the house ; and if any strangers were about, Rollo, the yard-dog, would give the alarm in a deep gruff voice from the outside, and Pedro would answer him from the house ; and then the thieves knew that the

people in the house were on their guard, and made off.

Pedro had a great many friends, particularly a lady, who admired him very much, and sometimes asked him to go and stay a couple of days with her. And the old dog used to go with great pleasure; and, after behaving remarkably well, would come back of his own accord, when the time for which he had been invited was expired.

One day Old Pedro was near coming to an untimely end. He was dining in the servant's hall when the accident happened. One of the servants gave him a bone, and, unfortunately, it stuck in his throat. There he lay on the floor, kicking and struggling for breath, and the servants all around him. Every assistance was given him. One held

him up by the tail, hoping that the bone would fall out; another tried to push it down with a tallow candle (which, by the by, is often found to be an excellent remedy in such cases). But it was all to no purpose. Poor Pedro's struggles grew fainter and fainter, and every one thought it was all over with him,—when, all on a sudden, Old Rollo, hearing the disturbance, came running in from the yard; and seeing what was the matter, seized Pedro by the throat, and gave him such a violent shaking, that the bone came out, and Old Pedro got up and walked about as if nothing had happened.

Though Old Pedro escaped this time, yet his days were drawing to a close. He became very deaf, and his face was almost white, and his appearance most venerable.

Still he lived on with apparent comfort, for Johnny took care that he should have everything that he wanted ; and used sometimes, on sunny days, to take him out into the garden ; when the old dog walked about very slowly, and the birds might come hopping within a yard of him, without his taking any notice. The only one of his old accomplishments which he retained was to sit up on his hind legs, but it was only for a very short time. At last he was taken off suddenly. One night strange noises, unlike anything human, were heard in the house ; and in the morning poor Pedro was found dead, stretched at full length before the kitchen fire. He died at the advanced age of fourteen, very much respected by all who knew him.

The following epitaph was composed to his memory by his master :—

Beneath this turf Old Pedro lies,  
Who earned great reputation ;  
Being prudent, vigilant, and wise,  
Beyond his doggish station.

His master Johnny raised this stone,  
And greatly mourns his end ;  
For never can he hope to find  
A more devoted friend.

---

“ Poor old Pedro ! ”

“ I do not know what moral can be gathered from this story ; except that we ought to be kind to dumb animals. One use of brute beasts is to try our tempers ; and accordingly as we behave to them, so shall we generally to our fellow-men. Boys

who set dogs to worry hedgehogs and cats, and are guilty of other cruelties of the same sort, grow up to be brutal and cruel to their fellow-men, and often come to an untimely end ; or become hard-hearted and reprobate. But kindness to dumb animals improves the natural affection of the heart ; and even though they may not fully appreciate kindness, or share our feelings, yet much innocent pleasure and satisfaction may be derived from an attached friend of this sort, which we see Johnny derived from the company of Old Pedro. Beside, we do not know what brute beasts really are. There may be more in them than we think. And the consequences of ill-treating, or behaving well to them, may be more important than, at first view, they appear. I have often looked

at a dog, and fancied that he could tell a good deal, if he could but speak.

“So, remember, Johnny and Willy, both of you, never follow the example of cruel, idle boys, who tease cats and dogs, and pigs, and other animals, and throw stones at ducks and geese. It is a sign of an evil disposition; and I trust you are too good boys to be guilty of such behavior.

“And now it is Aunt Mary's turn to tell a story.”

So Aunt Mary began as follows.

# AUNT MARY'S TALE.





# AUNT MARY'S TALE.

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## THE ADVENTURES OF A BEE.

A LITTLE bee was summoned one morning into the presence of the queen of the hive. Two officers of state, with their wands of office, walked before him into the royal presence. Queen Melissa was seated on a throne of amber, sipping double-refined honey. Two of her attendants were employed in fanning her, and kept the apartment cool by the quick vibration of their wings, while two others scattered around the most delicate perfumes, collected from the jasmine and the rose.

"It is time," said the queen, addressing the little bee, "that you began to work for the community; your wings are well grown—your limbs strong; so you may enter upon your occupation forthwith. The day is mild—the wind hushed—you could not have a more favorable time for the commencement of your labors."

The little bee was quite delighted to hear that he was to begin his occupation, and spread out his wings, and would have set out in a minute.

"Stay!" said the queen; "you will require some instruction before you go. First, be particular to mark the spot where the hive is placed: you will easily know it by the lilacs and laburnums which grow near it. And do not go too far for the first day

or two. Some little bees have set out in too great haste, and have gone so far that they had not strength to get home again. Secondly, keep close to your work ;—do not let any idle insects entice you from it ;—remember it is your duty to work, not for yourself only, but for the whole hive ; and that each day you must bring home the regular quantity of honey.”

The little bee promised that he would attend strictly to the queen’s instructions : and respectfully kissing the tip of her fore-feeler, which Queen Melissa graciously extended, he withdrew backward from the royal presence.

It was a delightful summer morning when the little bee issued from the hive. He sprang upward into the air ; but remember-

ing the advice of the queen, not to go too far, he presently lighted on a rose-bush, and began to look around him. He was in the midst of a delightful garden. The early dew-drops glistened like diamonds in the morning sun, and the perfume of a multitude of flowers promised a rich abundance of the delicious honey. As he looked around, he heard a small sweet voice of one singing on the lawn beneath him :—

“ With a hop, skip, and a jump,  
Oh, who so blithe as I ?  
And who can spring so high,  
With a hop, skip, and a jump ?

“ I sip the morning dew  
From the clover and violet blue :  
No want, no care, have I ;  
But I hop and whisk,  
And dance and frisk,  
With my hop, skip, and a jump.”

While the little bee was wondering who in the world it could be that sang so merrily, a grasshopper suddenly sprang upon a broad leaf close beside him.

“Good morning, Mr. Bee; glad to see you out this fine day: and where may you be travelling?”

“I am out in quest of honey.”

“Oh, just like you bees,—always work, work, work—drudge, drudge, drudge. Why, look at me! I never work at all, and have plenty to eat, and am merry all the day long! Do stay a minute and sing me a song.”

“I really do not know one.”

“Well, then, I will sing for you;” and, without waiting for an answer, he began:—

“With a *hop, skip, and a jump.*”

And taking hold of the little bee, whisked him round and round with a quick galopade.

The little bee had no objection to this amusement, and thought the grasshopper a most agreeable companion for some time; but, after a while he began to get tired of doing nothing but dancing and singing; so he wished the grasshopper a good morning, and, springing up into the air, was out of sight in a moment. Presently he came to a high wall, and saw a wasp feeding on a delicious apricot, tearing off great pieces of ripe pulp with his pincers, and swallowing them one after another.

"Oh, ho!" said the wasp; "you are out gathering honey, I suppose. Better stay here with me, and eat some of this apricot;

there is rather more than I want just at present."

The bee thought he might as well follow the wasp's advice, particularly as he was rather tired with his exertion. So he set to work at the apricot, and finding it very good, he stuffed himself so full of the ripe fruit, that he felt very unwell, and could hardly fly; so he was obliged to creep under one of the leaves and take a nap, until he had slept off the effects of his hearty meal. How long he slept I do not exactly know; but when he awoke, the sun was beginning to sink in the sky, and the day was very sultry. And then the little bee remembered that he had still to gather the allotted quantity of honey, and thought it was time for him to begin, if he wished to have any to



take home with him. So he set himself in earnest to work, but found it not so easy a task as he imagined. He poked his nose into a great many flowers, and found that some other bee had been there before him, and no honey was to be found. Some, however, had a little left, and a few had not been touched ; so he began gradually, though with a good deal of trouble, to load himself, when he saw an humble-bee employed in the same work.

“Not much to be found here, young master. Come along with me, and I will show you a bean-field full of flowers, and every flower full of honey.”

So the little bee was very glad to go with his great buzzing friend to the bean-field ; and as they went, the humble-bee said,

“I would not be a slave, if I were you, and work for other people. Suppose you and I club together, and collect a store for ourselves : I have got a store-house under ground, which is half full already.”

The little bee was so foolish as to listen to this advice ; and when he had collected a good deal of honey, the humble-bee took him to a cavern under-ground, which was entered by a low and narrow passage. Here the humble-bee lived with his wife and family, and kept very little company, but employed his time in amassing wealth. So when he had unloaded the little bee's panniers, he sent him out to get another load ; and when the little bee was tired of working, and could get no more, the old humble-bee kicked him out of doors, and told him to go about his business.

The poor little bee had received rather a severe lesson on the ways of the world,—he had learned in one day the unprofitableness of pleasure, the inconvenience of intemperance, and the danger of covetousness; and now, where to go, or what to do, he knew not. The sun was almost setting, the air was getting damp and chill, and he began to fear he should be starved to death. Fortunately he saw some of the hive-bees flying homeward from their work; so, mounting up again, though with a heavy wing, he just had strength to reach the hive.

As he was creeping in, two sentinels who stood at the entrance observed him.

“Ah, ha!” said one of them, “where is your honey, young sir? You must please to go with us to the queen.” So one march-

ed before him, and one behind ; and taking him into the royal presence, reported that he had been found entering the hive without any honey.

“Idle little bee !” said Queen Melissa, with a stern and dignified air, “is this the way you keep your promise, and perform your duty ?”

The little bee trembled from the tip of his horns to the end of his tail ; his knees smote together, and his wings rattled like an old bean-husk. He besought the queen to forgive him this once, after confessing how he had been led astray by wicked insects, and promising to behave better in future. So the queen forgave him this once ; but warned him, that for a second offence, he would be waxed up in a solitary cell, and

fed on bread and water ; and that, the third time, he would be stung to death, and thrown out of the hive.

The little bee was very glad to get off so easily, and determined to do better in future : and I am happy to say he kept his word. The very next day he brought home two loads, to make up for his deficiency the day before ; and went on so well that he became one of the best working-bees in the hive, and was promoted to the rank of wax-worker.

It was not very long after this that a dreadful event took place, which showed the little bee that he had acted wisely in doing his duty. A number of drones got together, and said they did not care for anybody, and would not work. The whole hive was in an uproar, and the operations were at a

stand. Those who remained loyal looked to Queen Melissa for her commands; upon which she gave orders that the rebels should be surrounded and put to death. They were accordingly driven up into a corner, and the rest of the hive set upon them with their sharp stings, and pierced them through and through, until none remained alive, except a few who forced their way out of the hive, only to perish from want. Such was the end of this rebellion.

There occurred also another very remarkable event, which deserves to be recorded. One night the sentinels gave notice that an enemy was entering the door of the hive. It was a large black snail, who took the opportunity, while the hive was at

rest, to effect an entrance and commit great depredations. The whole community was in alarm when they saw the gigantic intruder ; but Queen Melissa, with her wonted prudence, commanded fifty of the strongest working-bees to be drawn out and attack the enemy. The conflict was severe ; for the snail, pierced with the stings of the bees, writhed round and round, and crushed some of his assailants by his weight ; others he disabled with his filthy slime. At last the bees were victorious, and slew the enemy. Then came the difficulty of removing his huge carcass from the hive, for fear he should breed a pestilence. In this emergency Queen Melissa commanded that the wax-workers should bring a large quantity of strong wax, and

cover the monster over ; which was accordingly done, and the snail remained enclosed in a mountain of wax near the door of the hive,—a warning to all future enemies that they should not venture to intrude into the dominions of Queen Melissa. Thus was the community saved from foreign enemies and internal rebellion.

One day, a good deal later in the year, when the hive was nearly full, and the queen was beginning to think of shutting it up for the winter, the little bee was resting on a withered dahlia, surveying the ruin which had been caused by the frost of the preceding night, when he heard a doleful voice near him, and, glancing round, he saw his old friend the grasshopper, looking quite old, and gray, and withered ; his



voice was cracked, and he sang, in a mournful tone,—

“ Oh dear, what shall I do,  
For there's no more morning-dew,  
And I no longer live in clover,  
And all my hopping and skipping is over!  
Oh dear! oh dear!  
I begin to fear:  
I've led a gay life 'tis true,  
But now, oh, what shall I do ?”

The little bee was very sorry for his old friend; and hearing that he had had no breakfast, he gave him a little honey which he had with him. This greatly comforted the old fellow, and he began to sing, as he had done in former days,

“ Oh, who so blithe as I,  
With my hop, skip, and a jump ?”

But, unfortunately, he tumbled down, and broke his withered leg; and just then a

hungry blackbird came by, and gobbled him up in a minute.

The little bee flew away as fast as he could ; and presently he espied a jar hanging against a wall, on looking into which, he saw his old acquaintance the wasp, his wings clogged with a poisonous sirup, unable to extricate himself, and almost at the point of death.

“ You see,” said the wasp, in a voice choked with sirup, “ to what a dreadful fate I have come from too great love of eating and drinking. Let all insects take warning by me, and be satisfied with——”

What he would have added is uncertain, for at this moment the treacherous liquid closed over his head, and he sank to rise no more.

The little bee, being unable to render any assistance, flew on until he arrived at the place where the old humble-bee had made his nest, and treated him so scurvily. If he had harbored any ill-will, he would have been gratified by the sight which he saw. The old miser's store had been plundered by a burglarious field-mouse: the fragments of the humble-bee's nest were strewed around in wild confusion, and the old miser himself was lying among the ruins. The little bee flew down to see if he could render him any assistance; but the old humble-bee was quite dead.

"It is a happy thing," thought the little bee, "that I dissolved partnership with you, old gentleman, or I should have shared the same fate"

So saying, he returned thankfully to his hive, grateful that he had a good queen and a comfortable home.

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“Pray, aunt,” said Annie, when the story was finished, “does the queen-bee really manage and govern her subjects in the way which you have described?”

“It is impossible, my dear, to say precisely how it is that so much order and regularity is kept up in the hive. Certainly the bees have a great regard for their queen; some of them always follow her, as if they were her attendants. And so, in telling a story, it is very allowable to represent her as governing them in the same manner as a queen may be supposed to govern her sub-

jects. But the principal office of the queen-bee is to lay all the eggs, from which the hive is hatched ; and this it is which seems to be the greatest object of solicitude in the hive. The bees prepare a number of cells, and in each of these the queen deposits an egg, which in due time becomes a grub, and afterward changes into a bee. So that nearly all the hive are the children as well as the subjects of the queen."

"Well, Willy, and what moral do we learn from the story of the Bee?"

"We learn to be industrious and obedient ; and thus we shall do well in this world, and not come to want."

"We learn that certainly. The honest and industrious are more likely to prosper and live happy days than the bad and idle."

And yet it sometimes pleases God to afflict those whom he most loves, in order to try them and reward them the more. So that we must pray to bear patiently whatsoever God may lay upon us.

“But, beside this lesson, we may learn from this parable, or fable (which is the same thing), that *we all have our allotted tasks to perform* ; we are all to work while it is called to-day, and God will reward every one according to his works. Too many are accustomed to waste their youth in idle vanities, such as singing and dancing, like the grasshopper, which, if indulged in to excess, are sinful and dangerous. Others become grasping and greedy, like the wasp ; others covetous and unjust, like the old humble-bee : all these come to evil. But they who serve

God faithfully, laboring truly in their appointed station, these meet with their reward.

“We learn also to labor, not for ourselves only, but for the community of which God has made us members. We are all joined together in one family, and may greatly assist each other. Idleness and misconduct injure not ourselves only, but the whole church and family of which we are members.

“Solomon bids us ‘go to the ant,’ and learn wisdom and forethought; and I trust we may gain some valuable counsel from the Bee.”

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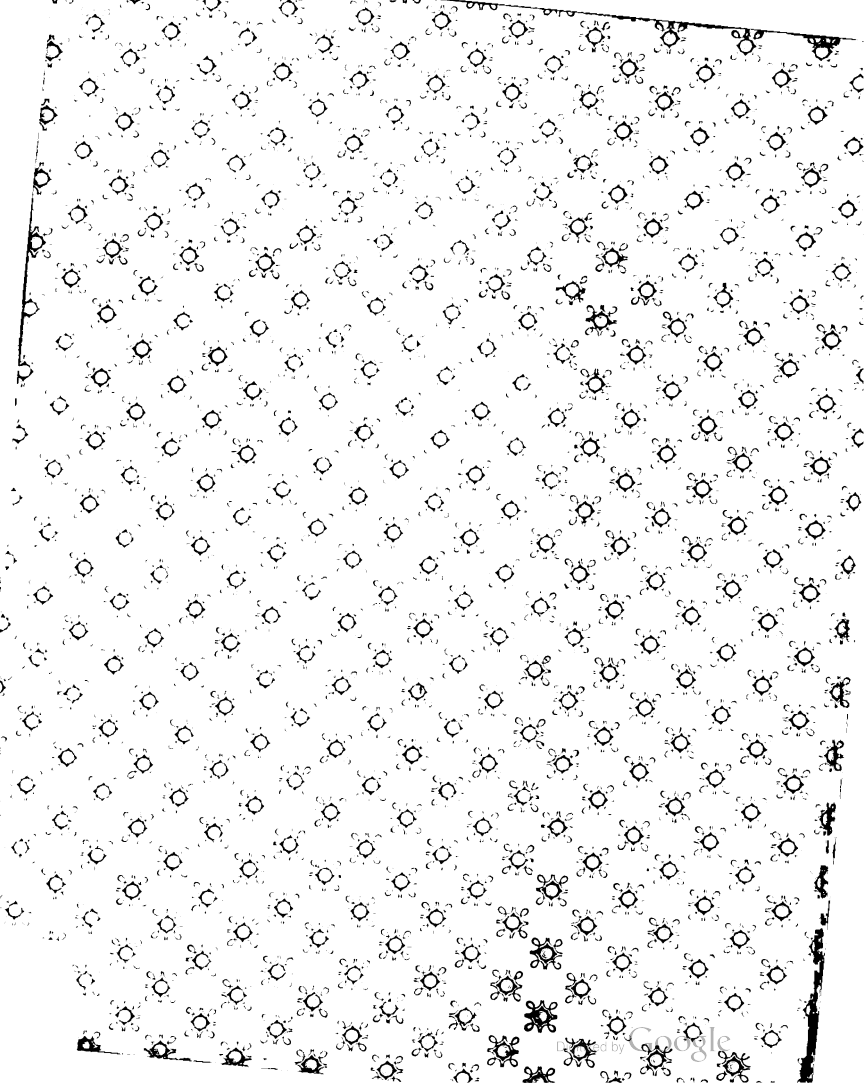












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